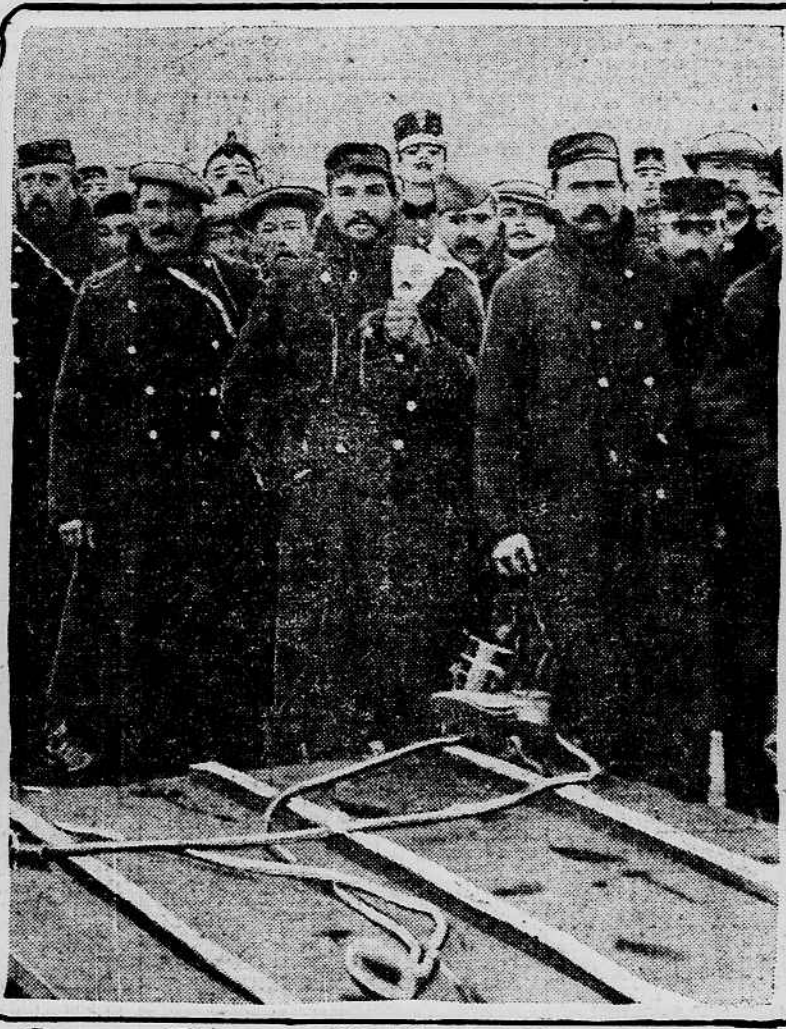
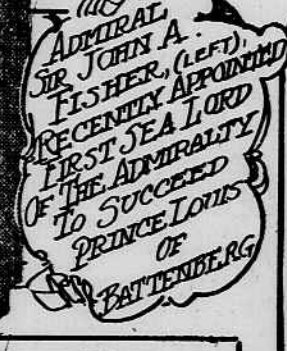


LATEST PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE THEATER OF WAR



FRENCH DRAGONS WITH AUTOMATIC GUNS
GETTING RANGE OF GERMAN VANGUARD



BELGIAN TROOPERS WHO FLED TO HOLLAND
AFTER THE FALL OF ANTWERP



GENERAL VIEW OF THE OCCUPATION OF MALINES BY THE GERMANS



BROTHERS IN ARMS BRITISH, FRENCH AND BELGIAN SOLDIERS IN DOLOGNE

'ROTTER' IS BARRED BY BRITISH ARMY

Drill Sergeants Soon "Break
Sick, Lame and Lazy"
Slum Recruits.

SOLDIERS ARE ATHLETES
WHEN FIT FOR FRONT

Kitchener Plan of Making Troopers
Is the "Hammer-Hammer-Ham-
mer System."

Special Correspondence of The Star.
LONDON, October 11.—This is the way that Lord Kitchener makes soldiers. Hammer 'em! Hammer 'em! Hammer 'em some more. Break those that can't stand it. Those that live through are fighting men.
Eight hours a day over the roads carrying full service kit. Sometimes a test march of fifty miles, with fifty pounds and a rifle on aching shoulders. Now and then a twenty-four-hour watch to teach them how to keep awake. Any sort of weather. No sort of roads at all. Smash 'em through mud and bracken and rain. Feet 'em, and work 'em.
They begin as little, grey-faced, thin-cheeked, stoop-shouldered slum men. They come out thick-chested, big-muscled, brown, rugged he-devils. But they are not soldiers yet. Six months in the training camp is the Kitchener prescription. Then a month or so somewhere near the front doing the routine work of war making, guarding prisoners and railroad lines and bridges. The knowledge sinks in that somewhere ahead better men are being permitted to do their fighting for them.
Then one day "Kitch" turns 'em loose. "The very best thing for a recruit in this stage," said one of Kitchener's men broken and bloody. How they fight then.
The big forge for making soldiers is at Aldershot. There 104,000 men are hard at it every day. One sees them in every stage of development, from the thin-skinned factory lad to the erect husky warrior who is almost ready to be sent out to kill. There are a dozen or so training camps scattered through the island. Half a million men—perhaps more—are being hammered into soldier shape. Not one of them will take the field before green grass time.
Months to Make a Soldier.
"It takes months to make a soldier," says Kitchener. "It isn't enough to teach

him how to march like a soldier and how to look like a soldier. He must learn how to think like a soldier."

So Kitchener isn't in any hurry about his job. He told the houses of parliament that his half million new men would not be ready before spring. France is putting men in the field with no more soldierly experience than our militiamen own. So is Germany.
"We can't put as many men in the field as the other nations," is the army theory. "So we must put better men in."
England has 150,000 regulars in the field in France. They are to be joined by 70,000 Gurkhas and Sikhs. There are only enough men available in the regular establishment to patch up the holes that will be torn in this line. England's reliance for the future must be upon the volunteers.

What Aldershot Is.
Aldershot isn't at all what one thinks. In reality it is woodland and moor and hill and valley, muck and sand and turf. There are 104,000 men being taught there to be soldiers.
Aldershot town has a permanent population of 20,000. Other villages are scattered through this vast barren tract that makes up Aldershot camp. There are permanent quarters in which 22,000 men are sheltered in times of peace. Now there are great fungi of white, conical tents growing against the brown hills. Here a rattle of drums breaks out. A squad of drummers is being taught how to handle the sticks by a frankly pessimistic instructor. Now an uncertain fanfare rips one's ears. It is a trumpet learning to "lip" and "tongue." Next comes the crackle of rifle practice.
Companies of "rookies" come marching along the roads. Perhaps two men out of five wear the khaki. The others are still dressed in their civilian clothes. They are learning how to keep step. Their poor, thin shoulders droop. Not one man in a dozen can keep his chin up.
In a week, said the gray old sergeant, as his men rested, "they can keep this up all day. But this is their first march."

Callisthenics in Mud.
It had been raining all day. The sandy roads were dry enough, but the turf fields were wet and cold to the touch. We came to a green field, perhaps half a mile square. Dotted over in the air. They rose and bowed over and touched their toes. They went through every movement that the devilish ingenuity of drill masters has devised. Between times they stretched at "Double time" full length and panted and perspired.
They were trotting about the field, a quarter of a mile trot at a time. When they couldn't trot any longer the in-

structor walked them. When their legs began to kink up they sat on the ground and watched other men—those in khaki—go through open order movements and company drills. These latter were advanced students of the art of man killing. The neophytes had envy in their eyes.

Those Who Were Broke.
At the railroad station that night we saw those who couldn't keep the Kitchener pace. They were little, runty and narrow shouldered and jaws that subtly differed from the ordinary human jaw. A big Scotch lance corporal had them in charge.
"Sick, lame and lazy," he diagnosed them, ruthlessly indifferent to the fact that his miserable charges heard him. "From the slums of Glasgow. All they're fit for is to get drunk on Saturday night and beat a wumman."

These miserable little creatures had been "cast" by the authorities. They lacked something in body or mind. They were unfit for the great game and were unteachably glad of it. One man with a great jaw and a shock of blond hair stood with his eyes fixed on the wall during the hour's wait for a delayed train and roared in a rough, loud voice the day's drill. But those who were cast were not the only ones who were broke. Others seized each other by the shoulders and shuffled about in queer backward dances.
"We get rid of the rotters as fast as we find 'em," said the lance corporal. "They ain't fit to be in the army."
Two or three hundred of them were sent back some days. Sometimes as many as returned as are received in the day's draft. But those that are kept have the raw materials of soldiers in them. Many of the new recruits are men of fine physique and are obviously of a superior type. But there is such a large proportion of an obviously degenerate type that one retains an unpleasant impression after seeing a green company stumbling and sweating along the roads. It is only when one sees the men who have been fed for a month or so—who have been drilled and worked and hammered—that this impression is corrected.

EMPERESS EUGENIE A NURSE.
Sets Aside Wing of Estate for Use of Wounded Officers.

Correspondence of the Associated Press.
LONDON, October 15.—Although the Empress Eugenie is almost eighty-nine years old, she is taking the greatest interest in the war, and has set aside an entire wing of her house at Parnborough Hill for the use of wounded officers.
Several injured officers are now recuperating there, and their aged hostess personally supervises their care. Her estate is near the great camp at Aldershot, which King George and Queen Mary frequently visit. Practically all have joined the army in France. Nevertheless, she entertains many of the distinguished military men who visit there, and explaining that her cooks have more important work now than preparing food for an aged empress and her guests.

MYTHS OF THE WAR THAT FOOL PEOPLE

Londoners Tell How Kitchener
Runs Things—But
He Isn't.

FRENCH-JOFFRE DUEL
WAS A MERE QUARREL

Russians Transported Through
England Was Merely Imaginary.

Germans Still in Brussels.

BY HERBERT COREY.

LONDON, October 6.—There's the Russian myth and the court-martialed general myth and the war correspondent myth and the Kitchener myth—The war is chock full of myths. Very little of the real truth is being permitted to seep out from any quarter. Consequently, as people must talk, interesting inventions are accepted as solemn facts. They may have a backbone of reality.
"Kitchener is running this war. He visits France each week end and outlines the strategy for the next seven days."

All Great Britain believes that. Doubters find they are not regarded as clubby companions. Loud skepticism would probably be rewarded by deportation or arrest. England simply could not comprehend the mental attitude of one who refuses to believe that England is running the whole show.

Kitchener does visit France every week end. He goes to consult with Gen. French and the other English leaders. He also consults with Gen. Joffre and the French general staff. There is no question that a valuable suggestion by Kitchener would be gladly acted upon. But he doesn't issue any orders to the man who is directing the movements of 3,000,000 Frenchmen engaged in repelling an armed invader upon their dearly loved French soil. Ever since the war of 1870 the French general staff has studied the single problem of how to whip the Germans in the next war. This war is being fought out upon plans the bedplates of which were laid years ago. Joffre and his generals have worked out in the war college plans for the direction of armies of millions of men engaged in repelling armies composed of millions of other men. England's soldiers do not know anything about war on such a wholesale plan. They have been engaged in fighting by the regiment in

a bush. Perhaps not one of them has ever commanded an army of 25,000 men in the field.

Myth of French General.

"I know," said the British-made correspondent of a New York paper, "that Joffre had one of his generals paraded in front of his troops and shot for his failure to support Gen. French."
That's one of the war "secrets" that every one in London knows, but which the censor would not pass, because it might give military "information" to the enemy. My best information is that this "secret" is poppycock. A French general was court-martialed because he resented the fact that a former subordinate had been promoted over his head. He refused to accept orders from this man. He was severely punished, but he wasn't shot.
And the general who did not support Gen. French did so because French was in the wrong place. The English leaders have been employing their small army tactics in a large army campaign. They were out of the line with Joffre's battle front. Consequently, the British troops were frightfully hammered. When it became possible for Joffre to help them out without endangering his plan of battle he did so.

Joffre challenged Gen. French to a duel.
More moonshine. The two men had a bitter altercation, I am told, because of French's misunderstanding his part. French thought he had been shamefully abandoned by the Gallic troops. Joffre thought French's assumption of the right to run the machine—when there were 100,000 Englishmen and 2,000,000 French in the field—was an impertinence.

So they threshed the misunderstanding out. Since then the English have taken their rightful, relative place. There was no duello nonsense on either side. The French value the English support more than can be expressed in words. Not only have the English soldiers done valiant service, but the English navy has kept the seas free of German ships. At the outset the delay in the French mobilization confronted them with an enemy superior in numbers. Thanks to the Belgian resistance, less particularly to the English aid, the German rush was checked.

And the Newspaper Faker.

There are two war correspondent myths. One begins this way: "I stood on the battle front today with Gen. Joffre. 'Joffre,' I said to him, 'if you will take my advice—'"
"And Joffre said to me: 'Thank, how can I ever repay you for this hint?'"
As a matter of fact, generals today sit in tents so far away from war that they can hardly hear the guns. Any other sort of general would not be so close to the motor. The general gets reports and issues orders for operations extending 150 miles. Also, war correspondents keep at a safe distance from all generals, and from all members of the general staff. If they were found by one of these gentry they would certainly be arrested. A staff officer hates a war correspondent only second to the enemy. Half a dozen war correspondents were arrested last week. As fast as they are located the key is turned on them.
They can't get near the front. Civilians are not wanted there, especially noisy civilians who might tell too much truth about bad generalship. Wasn't it Napoleon who said that "the

best general is the one who makes the fewest mistakes?" The poor devils of peasants who are caught between the lines are sent out if need be. Usually they go of their own accord. No one is permitted to enter the battle zone. Even if he was not interfered with the correspondent could see but the most vulgar fraction of the day's operations. The modern battle is too great. His view would be that of a man trying to see landscape through a crack in a paling fence. And, as he must stay at the rear or be arrested, he gets his story from wounded men—those who have hidden their clothes under haystacks and retreated at a high rate of speed in garments borrowed from peasants.

Stories Beneath Contempt.

The stories this war has produced are as yet beneath contempt. It is perhaps the greatest war the modern world has ever known, and it is being recorded out of the mouths of wounded privates and runaways and injured peasants.
This is the other war correspondent myth.
"When I was arrested by the Germans the general commanding ordered man courage and ingenuity I escaped. Just pliffe. No war correspondent has been in any danger of life from the officers of either army. When he is caught he may be held under guard for a time. If he has seen nothing of consequence he is shipped out. His real danger comes from the ignorant peasants, enraged by the destruction of their property and the outrages committed upon their wives and daughters and the ordered murder of their friends. Few peasants can read, and the papers each correspondent carries are of little value. If he is arrested he is quite safe. The danger is that a pitchfork may be thrust into him."

The one war correspondent who was in even the slightest danger was a young man named Jerbeau, who represented a Chicago paper in Belgium. He is French by birth and Belgian by residence and sympathy. It is little wonder that the Germans at first believed—or said they believed—that he was a spy. Eventually they put him in a cell, and will likely keep him there until the war is over. At any rate, that is what they promise. He is largely to blame for this. It was a foolhardy bit of business on his part to attempt to follow the German army, considering his antecedents.

Russians Didn't Go to France.

But the Russian myth was the most superb one of the war. For weeks almost every one in England believed that 240,000 Russian soldiers had been secretly brought here from Archangel, transported through England in trains by night and landed upon French soil. The publication of this story was forbidden here by a totally unintelligent censorship, which, likewise, declined to deny its truth. By and by people began to believe it in earnest. At first one only met those who had met some one else who had seen the Russians. Eventually one began to meet people who had seen the Russians themselves. "Two hundred trains passed through Stoke-on-Pittsford-Weed last night. The blinds were pulled down in every car. I heard men inside talking Russian. The station master told me in confidence that just a sample of the yarns

that were given complete credence by the more credulous portion of the public. By and by the Russians were reported from Ostend. One newspaper actually defied the censor and printed the story of their arrival there—240,000 of them, all wearing sheepskin caftans and other things the names of which you find in books. There was no basis at all for the story. But when the truth is rigidly kept out of the papers untruth is certain to find a hearing."

Brussels Is Being Evacuated.

Now, Brussels isn't evacuated at the time this story is being written. Stories came into London newspaper offices stating that Brussels was being evacuated by the Germans. Other stories came in, denying this statement. The first set was printed. The second was denied the right of publication. The theory upon which military censorship is conducted is that the publication of all matter which might afford valuable information to the enemy is forbidden. One deduces, therefore, that the British censor hoped to fool the German into believing that he really had evacuated Brussels, even though the evidence of his eyes ran to the contrary. This isn't at all a far-fetched conclusion.

When Brussels was first captured by the Germans the papers wished to print the story. But for two days this privilege was forbidden. Indignant Journalists hammered at the press bureau doors. They were blandly informed that the story must not be made public, because it was military information that should not be allowed to reach the German ears. Obviously, the British colonels who make up the board of censorship thought that if they kept their mouths resolutely closed the Germans would not be able to find out what town it was they had captured. It seems rather a shame that the public should be fed upon the airy nonsense which alone seems acceptable to the censors, and that the story of this great war should not be fitly told by contemporary historians, rather than in the dry bones of bureaucratic reports. But it seems that there will be no change.

ENGLAND ENCOURAGES MARRIAGE OF RECRUITS

War Brides Cheered as They Accepted Iron Wedding Rings Instead of Gold Ones.

Correspondence of the Associated Press.
LONDON, October 3.—Aroused by the positive steps taken by Germany and Austria to protect themselves against a falling birth rate and the telling death rate incidental to the war, England is now encouraging the marriage of recruits soon to go on foreign service.
At the suggestion of the Archbishop of Canterbury England have made marked decreases in the fees charged soldiers for

marriage licenses and clergymen throughout the island are waiving their personal fees.

In Germany and Austria fees for marriages were waived entirely where soldiers and sailors were unable to pay, and in many cities clergymen married the warriors and their sweethearts in huge companies where the hasty departure of troops made it impossible for separate ceremonies to be held.

Gold wedding rings were done away with and iron rings substituted for the ceremony. Then the married women who already had gold wedding rings offered them as contributions to the war fund and replaced them with rings similar to those worn by the war brides.

Cheer War Brides.

German officials frankly discussed the necessity for the marriage of soldiers and urged immediate ceremonies upon young women as a patriotic duty. The war brides were cheered with much enthusiasm and the churches were crowded when the large wedding parties spoke the ceremony in concert.

Although the number of women in England far exceeds that of men, the volunteer army is comparatively small here and most of the recruits are not trained soldiers immediately available for foreign service. Consequently, there is not the pressing demand for immediate marriages here that existed on the continent. Still, the government realizes the terrible drain the war will make on the virile manhood of Great Britain and is quietly encouraging recruits to marry.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is endeavoring to have the government waive the stamp fee of £2.50 which it imposes on each marriage certificate and diocesan bishops have reduced the marriage license fee to £2.50 in the case of soldiers and sailors of limited means. Formerly it cost £10 to procure a marriage license properly stamped by the government. The cost is now £5 and the Archbishop of Canterbury hopes to have it lowered to £2.50 through the withdrawal of the stamp tax of the government. Clergymen now waive their personal fee in the case of soldiers.
German officials presented to the young women of the empire the slight chance they would have for matrimony a ter the departure of their soldier sweethearts and called attention to the pension paid to war widows for the support of themselves and their children.
New 500,000 Army.
Nearly half a million recruits are quartered in camps scattered throughout England. This new army of Kitchener's probably will not be sent to the continent for at least six months unless some unexpected calamity arises. All the men in the army who have not had previous military experience are less than thirty-five and a majority of them are married.
Many weddings are occurring daily at the various camps and new recruits and their sweethearts are often much distressed to find that under the English law one of the parties to a marriage must have resided in the parish in which they are married for at least fifteen days. The Archbishop of Canterbury has suggested that this obstacle be removed by statute.
The majority of Japanese publicists who advocate emigration do so because they desire the extension of Japanese influence, not because it benefits the emigrant.